Glëaner 1982 Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2010 with funding from Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

Gleaner

established 1901

Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture Doylestown, Pennsylvania 18901

Spring 1982



Editors

JILL BITNER WANDA PERUGINI

Staff

Tillie Docalovich Helen Fitting Gail Garthwaite Lorraine Gerus Linda H. Hahn Nancy Schnetzer Dan Schwalm Jane Smeallie

THE GLEANER is a student publication, and those opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of THE GLEANER staff. Neither the college nor the staff will assume responsibility for plagianism unknowingly occuring within.

Literary Work

Anonymous Karl Bachman Bean Jill Bitner Eva Brunt Dorothy Combes John Casillas R. C. Chambers Tillie Docalovich Helen Fitting Lorri Gerus Linda H. Hahn Karen Kerner Lisa Merklein Elizabeth Postma Lucy Pepper Wanda Perugini K. H. R. Susan Richart Carl Vivaldi Missy Young

Artwork

Jill Crisan
Helen Fitting
Brenda Givler
Linda H. Hahn
Dennis McLaughlin
Jackie Mento
Wanda Perugini
Dan Schwalm
Robin Shoup
Arlene Stein
Barbara Taft
Missy Young

Photographs

Wanda Perugini Nancy Schnetzer Donna Smyth Steve Stanford

Cover Doug Bereczki

Look at the sun,
Struggling with his cloudy barrier
Attempting to hold these
Free-flowing, wispy vagabonds
against their will,
Trying to fix a permanent pattern
Upon the amorphous slate
of the sky.

Doesn't he realize
that clouds can't be molded?
They seep through the cracks
Billowing forth in anger,
And drift silently awaytrailing your hopes behind them.

Doesn't he know?

If only he would stop
fighting them,
And let them float freely,
They would soon gather together
-without a struggleAnd pattern themselves
After the shape of his dreams.

-Lisa C. Merklein

The Vagabond

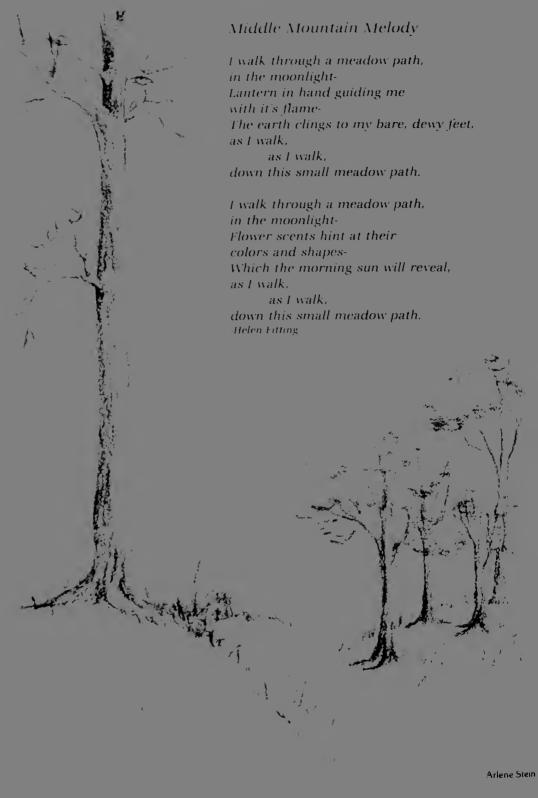
He's gone to commune with the man-in-the-moon Where his thoughts, like his footsteps, will wander-A vagabond roaming in search of a tune humming melodies lovers can ponder...

Down pathways of fate shadowed ebony slate Through mazes of grey starlit mist-Befuddled and blind the heart leads the mind I smiled in my dreams when we kissed... Helen Fitting 82

Meadow View

Bronzed weed stalks, stand seedless-Speechless testimony....Summer wishes.... Dream in solitude.





We live separately
but together
We grow on our own
but share our growth
And we love
intertwining our souls
for this moment in time



I'm torn between summer and winter
Tangled between the sun and the rain
I'm caught in a tempest of love
Destined for a whirlwind of pain

K. H. R.

"Oh - gee." That was my half of the conversation. Conversation Doesn't

that mean **two** people are talking.

Once again I was stuck in one of those one - way conversations where I

Once again I was stuck in one of those one - way conversations where I had no idea what the other person was saying. I had asked a simple question like, "So how's school?" and it ended up with his rambling on about his calculus class.

"My one class is a real drag. We have to memorize Einstein's theory about elevation which is carbon dextrose over π divided by 1/8th of the

difference thats' equal to . . .

I couldn't take it. I was lost after the first carbon what - you - call - it. So to amuse myself I watched his expressions while he talked. It was funny. Whenever he said a word with a "p" in it, his nose crinkled up. Then when he said words with a "c" it them he would pull his eyebrows together. I loved it when he said the word "perception" because his nose and eyes moved simultaneously. His lips were lazy and didn't move much; they just sort of hung there.

Suddenly, the rambling noise stopped. Quickly I looked into his eyes. He was staring at me waiting. I searched my memory. What was the last word he had said? I bet it was a question. I think the word was "you." Maybe he asked, "How about you", or something. Trying to play it safe I smiled and

said, "yeah."

He looked at me oddly. I knew I had said the wrong thing. I had to think of something fast to get me out of this one. I glanced down at my wrist. Good thing I had put my watch on that morning.

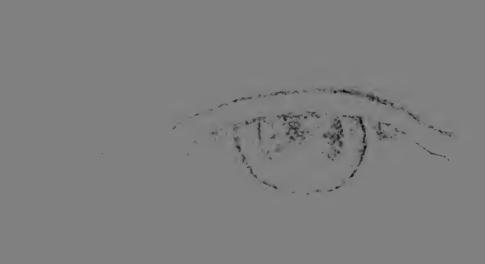
Trying to sound believeable I said, "Oh, look what time it is! Look, I have

to be going. Well, it sure has been nice talking to you. Bye!"

Well, I make it out of that one but I promised myself I'd never let that happen again. I'll try and pay more attention next time.

Linda H. Hahn





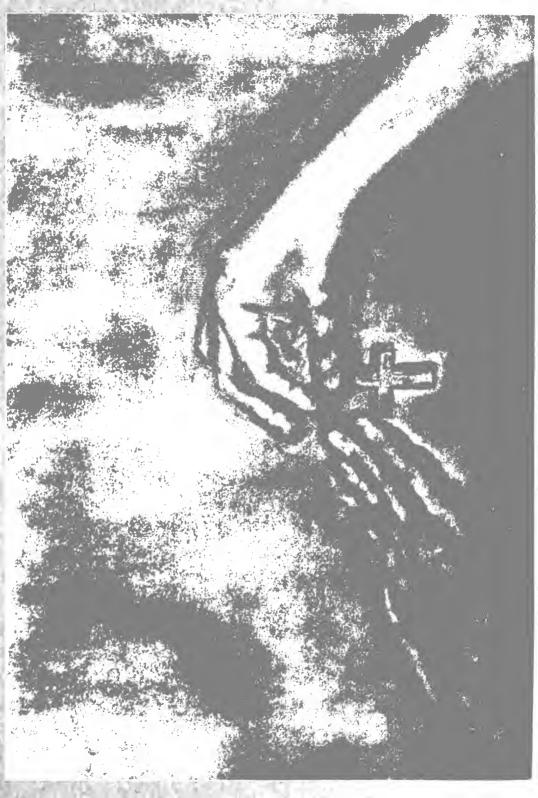
The Alaskani

yet her emotions spill from her eyes like words, forming sentences, and paragraphs going into the volumes that describe what a complex person the grl really is

Her emotions flow down her face, pulling onto the pages into small puddles, that blot and blut the words, seeking to keep encore who tries from reading them.







Evening Rain

She brushed away the wisp of hair from her eyes with the back of her soapy hand. Although the steam from the water rose and made her flush with heat, the woman took comfort in washing clean her dishes. It gave her a few quiet moments to reflect on the happenings of the day, or of her life in general.

The woman, in her task, watched from the window the world that surrounded her home. She saw that dusk was falling earlier than usual. The sun was slowly being obscured by the heavily ladened storm clouds that came with the heat of summer. She watched the stirring breeze lift and disturb the leaves of the oaks in the farmyard. In the distance she noticed the billowing dust from her husband's pick up as it rolled down the back road that went to town.

Far off thunder threatened and rumbled, but still no rain fell. They needed the rain, for it would give the parched earth that one last drink it needed to yield a good crop for the year. It would comfort her to know that something was turning out right in her life on the farm.

Darkness came quickly, and the woman could no longer follow the trail of the truck. It was as if someone had pulled a curtain down to block out reality, and this left her mind to wander freely. Her husband had told her just before he had left that he was going to town to drink a few beers. But, now she could only wonder it this were true. She thought maybe he was seeing another woman.

The more she pondered on this thought the more her despair over her life grew. Life on their farm had been tough. The harsh midwestern sun, along with other elements of life, had dried out her skin, robbing her of the beauty that once had attracted so many. When she had married her man she had felt she had made the best choice a woman could make. But now she felt ugly because her husband no longer looked at her with light in his eyes.

A drop or two fell from her eye and splashed in the dishwater. She looked up to see not only was it raining on the inside but it was raining outside as well. The fresh scent of the storm drifted in and filled her body with a calmness. Perhaps if the rains did well then maybe there was hope. She sighed as she rinsed the last of the dishes.

Lorri Gerus

Iwo soft, brown, spongy plateaus of baked, yeast raised starches.
One plain blanketed with off white sheets of soft-ripened coagulated protein caseins. The other painted deliberately with smooth, glossy, ochre-yellow herb paste hitting the taste buds after consumation with a tangy, tart, creamy, spongy, salty, spicy, and delightfully tasty sensation.
A cheese sandwich????



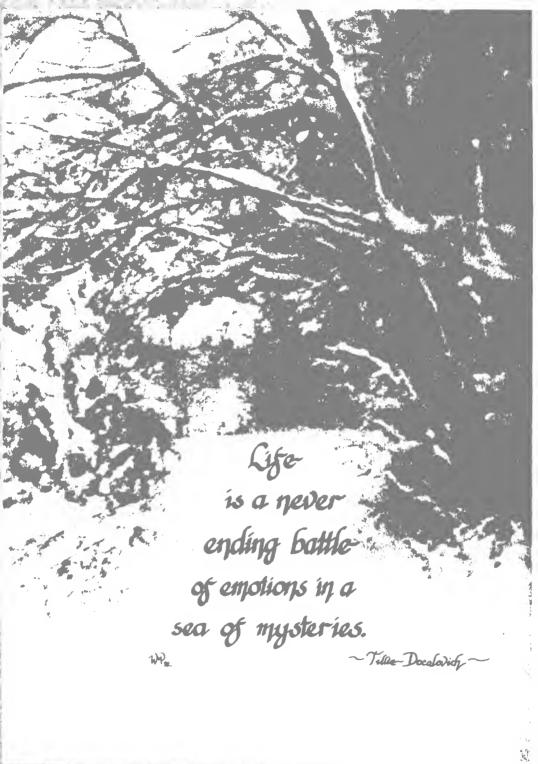


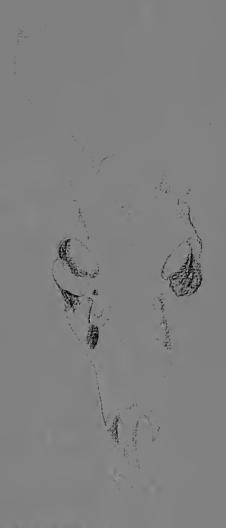
Traveler in the Dusk

Whispered softly of better days

The battered coat

And its words like its pride, Were lost in the scuffle of tired feet Along a dusty road. It hung in dulled-scarlet folds On shoulders slumped Under a burden too heavy For any mortal to bear alone. Tattered sleeved and buttonless It clung. Serving some ancient chivalric code. Or perhaps, it was unwilling to face the scorn Of another man less attached To a bit of moldy cloth The tales it told were of lords and ladies and laughter, Of balls and banquets and beauty; Of things that were and would never be again. Things that did not matter now-Now that the sun had gone And the rain had begun to add its chorus To the rhythm of the road. Wanda M. Perugini





The Spirit Deer

Arrow in the wind, tell me, where are you flying now? Where are you flying to?
I will follow you...

Deer of the wood, tell me, what are you fleeing from? Where are you fleeing to? I will follow you...

Arrow you are still,
Red blood is trickling, where is it running to?
Deer you are still,
Breathing a last breath, where is it going to?
I will follow you...
...follow you...
Helen Fitting



Pine Canyon

Walking alone in the desert at night Down by the Rio Grande Milky Way's brighter than New York Street lights Reflect on the Texas sand

And I'm going back up to Pine Canyon The ravens are calling my name The grants that live up in Pine Canyon Are evergreens older than man.

See I spend a week down in Mesquite Country Prickley Pear tugging my pants Creasote deamon's surrounding my head I need a finer fragrance

So I'm going back up to Pine Canyon
The ravens are calling my name
See I left a woman up Pine Canyon
And I wish I was with her in evergreen land
I wish I was with her again
Fact Backman

I like to pick them asparagi shoots
I hunt 'em in the morning
Wear my harvesting boots
They're growing so I pick 'em
Our relationship is root
I love to pick them Asparagi shoots

I love to cook them Asparagi stalks
I take 'em home and steam 'em
Right on top a my wok
There's tender, big - I seen 'em
I snag 'em when I walk
How I love to cook them Asparagi stalks

Don't believe it if ever I said
That I won't eat the wild ones
Go to the supermarket instead
But I pick and eat 'em when I'm walking
Guess that makes me a head
And I'll eat that wild Asparagrass right up
'till I'm dead

Karl Bachman



Mama, you say you're loving Mama, you say you care But mama don't you go a shoving Mama don't vou ever dare. Mama you say I don't have patience Mama you say I never will But did vou ever define patience Maybe you had better still Because screaming and velling I just don't consider Patience-that just isn't it Peace and quiet and gentle chatter Patience-that is how it fits. Mama I may never bear children But it isn't cause I don't care Because Mama I don't want children If they're more than I can bear. Because Mama there just isn't room In this world for screams and fights Love and kindness should be entered Into homes both day and night. So Mama don't you ever tell me That I don't know my own mind Because Mama I have grown up seeing All the others of your kind.

anonymous



To whom it may concern Or those who may just be passing by,

I shot myself today.

Why I did it, I'm not sure.

But nobody seemed to care,

For I was the quiet one,

The one who had no fun.

For I thought learning was more important

But now I know I was wrong.

I was a wild stallion Thundering through the wind with my heart Free among the endless canyons of time.

You caught me with your sweets & kindness And your love I returned. Yet you frighten me with your saddle For I am young and unsure It doesn't quite fit yet.

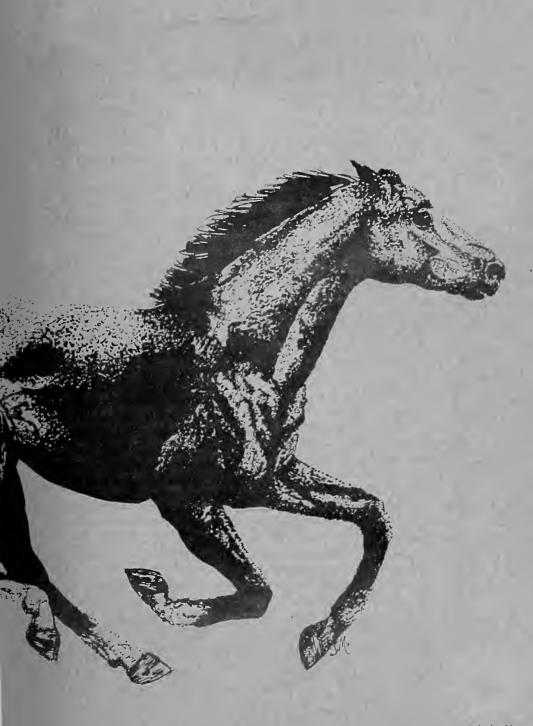
You've captured my heart but my firey Blood runs on.
I would not be whole without it so my heart must follow.
Please let go of the reins that hold us together
Tust enough to let me feel the wind I hrough the canyons once more.
My eyes have not seen all that they long for.

I only ask that you leave your corral gate open.

For one day my fire will die, and I feel that your saddle. May yet fit me.

Don't worry, I'll never loose. My taste for your sweets.







An International Language

Laugh
Doesn't it feel good?
It tickles my tummy
putting a smile on my face
It makes me feel funny
Pick up your spirits
forget about your worries
make someone else feel better
Laugh, chuckle, giggle
In any language it's the same thing
So when you're feeling down and out
and you just don't feel so fine,
LAUGH, I do it all the time...

Carl Vivaliti



Young Arthur found himself wandering alone. Never before had he been totally alone. Never before had he been away from his family, except for those few times he was with a sitter. A noise from behind startled him. He thought it might be his mother, and felt relieved because he did not know where she was. But no, if he didn't know where he was (not even recognizing the area), how could she? Perhaps he had gone with Becky, next door, and not remembered. No, certainly he would not forget if Becky had been with him. Fear began to set in, and it grabbed his loneliness - his stomach was upset. Afraid to run and more afraid to stay, Arthur took a few small steps away from the direction of the sound while turning towards the crackling branch.

His face was flushed. He could see his grimy jeans with a hole in the right knee, and his shirt tails half out. His small body never seemed so small before - it must have seemed so then because of the tall forest surrounding him.

Before he could focus on the image, he tripped over what seemed like a boulder. The fall caught him more than the noise did before, and his tears drew some specks of soil to his face. The dirstained his golden blond hair and his fair, tanned face. Realizing his previous concern Arthur turned his face from the ground to see a rabbit. It was much smaller than he had imagined it to be. As he noticed the cleaness of its fur and the distinct brown markings interwined with the innocent whiteness, he had a feeling of contentment which most children don't experience or realize.

After what seemed to be a long time, a soft, gentle voice whispered, "Do you like him, Arthur." A boyish grin told all as his bright blue eyes beheld the beautiful creature and he said, "I've always wanted one." Looking up, he saw his mother, "Happy Birthday, Arthur," she said softly, as a tear came to her eye from his delight. The small bunny nuzzled in the comforter of his bed, next to his side. His Mother hated to disturb the precious aire which was created, and she wondered why he was so calm. Finally, she hugged him and said, "Now then, it's time to get ready for school."

D.C.



here i am:

filled with a clouded mind seeking to save what i do not know is lost striving to hold on to things i cannot touch straining to see things which are

invisible

there they are:

filled with uncontrollable laughter, at nothing wondering how they can find so many tears - empty drops finding answers over tavern tables which last till the next day has come feeling that they are almost

living

I am that I am:

filled with a dark, scintillating depth of shallow, undying love

seeking to same fallen Spirits - like filling cups with no sides

ever-emanating clear beams of Contented Images unknown

immersed in the insurmountable treasures of fata morganas

eternal

i want that I am so i can finally know, Please. invisible light to have uncontrollable Laughter at something -

Real

Green

I look at you both sitting there
Your hand gently playing with her hair.
It should be me not her.
I see you as you walk on by
All the time I wonder why
I am a fool, drowning from
your happiness.
Dammit why can't you see,
the love behind these hazel eyes
gone green?
-MHD



Silver & Gold

Gaze into my eyes search the depths of my soul Deep within lies a treasure you alone can unfold.

My heart is a tapestry vivid chambers enlaced With mosaic memories that time cannot erase.

And yet etchings of silver in the finest of thread Laced with light, hold a glimmer hinting words yet unsaid;

As our colorful patterns of life intertwine I feel the strength of a love words have yet to define,

And my unraveling tapestry is woven anew Interlaced with the golden inscription of you.

Lisa C. Merklein

living in a soft white blanket of nothingness uninhibited, save the whispers from beyond i listen and then try - they control and comfort me

lurking underneath are black clouds, filled with rage - immersed in dismal diamonds

they reach forward, ever forward

for more

for some they stream down from the sky (reaming down a character)

like swift terrible torrents of uninhibited rain drops (uninhibited joy?)

a philistine heart collects and builds a brilliant kingdom...

for others, a tide of grief sweeps through their members daily

and all walk on the same massive ball, different levels to be sure, ALWAYS

some never to meet

listen red, never to meet

listen white, never to meet

and minds will be filled with black and white, black diamonds and white grief

Yea

but it's all grey, soft white blankets enveloping beautiful, glorious, celestial, brilliant, ever-shining moderate grey

uninhibited joy!

John Casillas



The Party is Over

Lonely, soft notes linger through the air A half-drunk soda sheds tears upon the table Three solemn crackers, one slightly shattered lay scattered among a few hard lumps of cheese.

A stray, forlorn blue sweater slumped, wrinkled.

cries for its owner.

A family of delighted ants prances about a new-found feast of crushed potato chips.

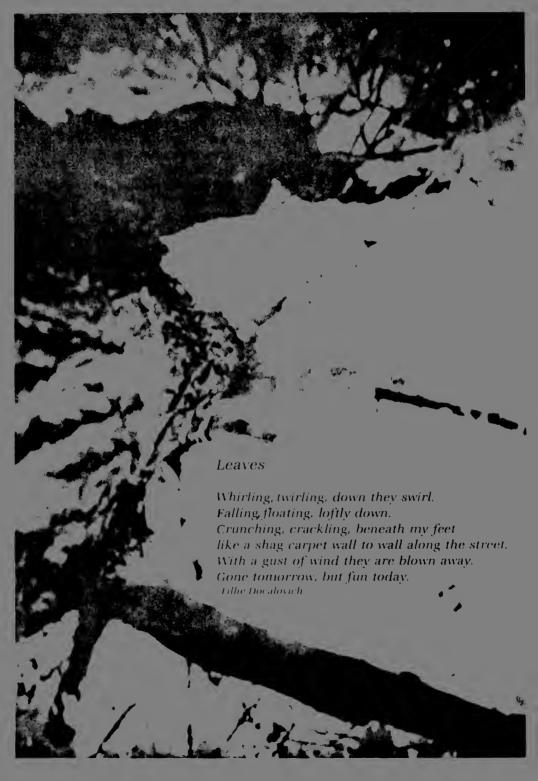
Finally, slowly, warm water oozes from a clean rag...

Karen Kerner

The Pencil

An old pencil sharpened to a stub, and marks indented from being chewed on. Eraser erased til there is no more, with a hard-as-cock film on top. Gold plating rubbed off to a dull silver. Now you transform your ugliness into something even more dastardly, such as nasty words on a restroom wall or in a subway station. Now you transform all of your putridity . into something beautiful.

R. C. Chambers

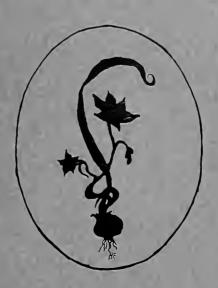


Hazel eyes
Hold a blank stare
refuse to meet mine
refuse to acknowledge
That I am here.

A lazy smile
Used to melt the coldness
of that expression
Used to put a sparkle
into those hazel eyes
Used to warm
my heart.
Where has it gone?

Someone Flipped a switch or turned a page And I am lost,

Please be my friend-come find me. -Lucy Pepper





Wishes

Exercine knows that wishes don't come true: But still, no one can resist the temptation to make just one more for good luck.

for rome snows that wishes don't come true:

1. * A # the Arst clining on till the

2. * A time that usable pixt the

2. * A time that wishe pixt the

The Knife

It hurt to feel that knife you drove into my back.

It was not blood that flowed, but tears upon my cheek.

I felt its point behind me and yet it pierced my soul.

The wound is healed now, but not the pain it caused;

For you left a scar that can't be seen deep within my heart.
-Susan Richart



Sharing a thought

a lonely little feeling

a solitary emotion -
This world has gone astray

my mind has followed

trampling each moment

searching for that lost love.

80

Bean

To a used-to-be friend

We once laughed together, it seems so long ago.
We could talk for hours and there's only silence between
us now.
We could share our secrets once, but they're forgotten too.
The times we spent together are now spent alone.
The soft, kind words have grown cold and callous.

We knew each other well and now we're total strangers. We had a used-to-be friendship, or was it just a dream? I've said all I could, but the words were meaningless.

I've said all I could, but the words were meaningly to done all I could and my effors have failed.

You were my friend, but where are you now?

I value those yesterdays that remain inside of me.

Because I can't stop caring. I can't stop remembering what used-to-be.

Sometimes I wonder if you care at all or if you even remember;

Then I see you today and I know that you couldn't.

But, what does it matter how I feel?----I'm

Just a used-to-be friend.

The hurt is still there, but you'll never know.
I used to feel sorry for myself once----but

Now it is YOU who I feel sorry for.

A Lost Friend

Susan Richart





If I Had A Rocket Ship

If I had a rocket ship
I'd blast right out of here
Set a straight course for the stars
and split the atmosphere

Stop on the moon to whistle a tune and groove on the gravity Jump all around come tumbling down In a lunar cavity

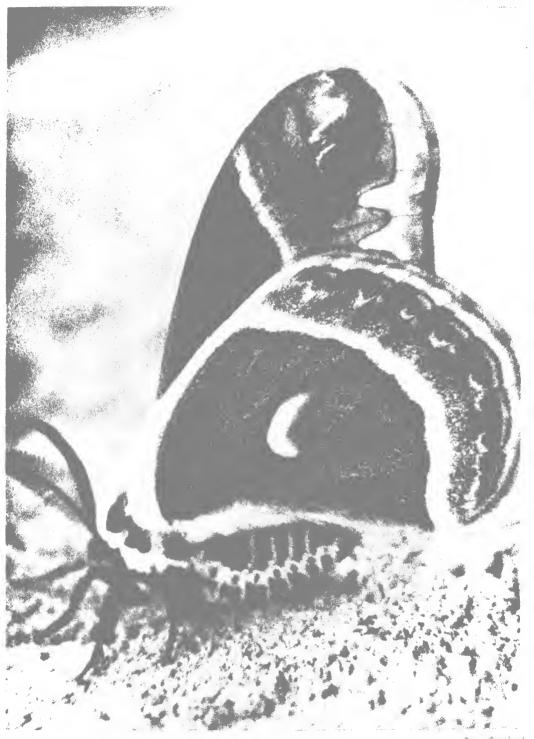
If I had a rocket ship
It would surely raise a smile
I'd say "hello" to the galaxy
And "goodbye" to the earth for awhile

Stop on mars to check out the bars Ask a pretty martian to dance strike up the band and sing in the sand mars has two moons for romance

If I had a rocket ship what fun it would be I'd pretend to be John Glen and sip Tang at zero "G"

I'd track down Haleys comet to see if Haley's hanging around proceed to the local planet and comence to paint the town If I had a rocket ship -Carl Vivaldi





Sieve Stanford

... And the seagulls fly, The fish swim, The waves crash against the rocks, And here I am.... Alone thinking, Where am I going? What about the future? What about the past?.... Life was so easy then, No hard decisions, no problems. Just happy play. And laughing and singing.... But then it came time to grow up, Making decisions that sometimes hurt someone. High school, new friends, lost loves, New responsibilities, new challenges, and life.... But the seagulls still fly, The fish still swim, The waves still crash against the rocks, And here I am....

R. C. Chambers



